In Thames-ſtreet of late, young pretty-fac'd Kate
Sore loſt her dear ſweeting, the Bricklayer her Mate;
He was preſt away but yet the next day
They tried him, then Kate ſhe did lovingly ſay.
My ſweet Johnny.

In the open Street her John ſhe did meet,
And gave him a thouſand ſoft Kiſſes ſo ſweet,
With ſtroaking his Chin, ſhe welcom'd him in,
For Joy ſhe was fit to leap out of her Skin,
For her Johnny.

There's Doll at the Swan, her true Love is gone,
Poor Heart ſhe with ſorrow doth ſigh and take on;
Yet all is in vain, he is gone to the Main,
She fears that he ne'er will return home again,
To embrace her.

There's Bridget & Joan 'tis very well known, (one
Of Fourteen young Sweethearts they have not left
But all Preſt on Board for to ſtand by the Sword,
And this do's much Sorrow and Trouble afford,
At the Parting.

If Preſſing goes on, there wont be a Man
To pleaſe a young Laſs, let her do what ſhe can,
For they will be ſcarce here in a ſhort ſpace,
Then we ſhall be all in a ſorrowful caſe,
To be Married.

Two Twelvemonths ago, ſweet Siſter you [illegible]
The Batcheloys then we could bring to our [illegible]
Nay, at our Commands, they ſtood Cap in [illegible]
But now they grow ſcarce all over the Land,
We muſt prize them.

Young Nancy and Ned laſt week they were [illegible]
And within an hour of going to Bed,
Juſt in all their Pride he was Preſt from her [illegible]
Before he had dallied one Night with his Bride,
Want it Pitty?

To leave his delight, and Beauty ſo bright,
Before he had ever enjoy'd her one Night;
But what ſhall we ſay? he was Preſt away,
Now you that have Husbands above them a [illegible]
They are Jewels.

Laſt year I declare, young Maids was ſcarce
But now they grow wonderful plenty I ſwear,
All over the Town they walk up and down,
I reckon you may have a Score for a Crown,
By Midſummer.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. [illegible]
J. Back.

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The Distressed Damsels;

OR,

A doleful Ditty of a sorrowfull Assembly of young Maidens that were met together near Thames-street, to bewail the Loss of their Loves which were lately press'd away to Sea.

To the Tune of an Oyange. Licensed according to Oyder. 180

My sweet Sister Sue, ah! what shall I
I fain would be married but know not to who;
For why, I protest, the young Men are Prest,
And my Sweetheart Robin is gone with the rest
For a Seaman.

Then Susan reply'd there's many better,
That Fortune this Summer will surely abide;
Each sudden surprize will cause Ladies cries,
While Tears they do trickle like Rain from the Skies,
For our Sweethearts.

There's Bess at the Bell you know her full well,
A sorrowful story to me she did tell,
That Thomas her Dear, was Prest she did hear,
And then the poor Creature did tremble for fear
He should leave her.